I CAN SMELL CORRUPTION AND I'LL FIGHT IT TO THE TOP!

MELVIN/DOGETTES/M. P. THORPE SINGERS.
LOVELESS COPULATION GOIN' ON

MELVIN.
AND IT MUST STOP! SSSHHH!

(*The lights go out.*)

MELVIN. (*Continued.*)
AND NOW! HERE THEY ARE: MY OWN MELVIN P. THORPE
LONE STAR STRUTTERS

(*The* DOGETTES *do a flashlight dance as* THEY *sing the opening lyric.*)

DOGETTES.
WATCHDOG WILL GET YOU
IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!
WATCHDOG SEES
AND WATCHDOG KNOWS
WATCHDOG KEEP US
ON OUR TOES!
WATCHDOG ASSURES YOU
THAT THE LAW'S THE LAW
NO EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE
WATCHDOG AIN'T NO FOOL!

WATCHDOG PROTECTS YOU
HE'S OUT ON THE PROWL
GUARDS AND CHECKS THE BEST HE CAN
WATCHDOG IS A FIGHTING MAN!
WATCHDOG WILL THROW HIS
BEAM OF LIGHT AROUND
IF SOME FOLKS DON'T TOE THE LINE
WATCHDOG'S LIGHT WILL SHINE!

(*The lights restore and the* ENTIRE COMPANY *goes into a tambourine act.*)

DOGETTES/M. P. THORPE SINGERS.
SHINE, SHINE, SHINE



SHINE, SHINE, SHINE
TEXAS HAS A WHOREHOUSE IN IT
LORD HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS
TEXAS HAS A WHOREHOUSE IN IT
LORD HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS
WATCHDOG SMELLS CORRUPTION AND HE'LL FIGHT IT TO THE TOP
LOVELESS COPUATION GOIN' ON, GOIN' ON, GOIN' ON, GOIN' ON, GOIN' ON, GOIN' ON . . .

MELVIN. Don't touch that dial, neighbors. I'll be back tomorrow—and the next day and the next—with new and revealing information on this case. Watchdog never sleeps!

DOGETTES/M. P. THORPE SINGERS.
AND IT MUST STOP
WATCHDOG'S GONNA GET YOU
GONNA SHINE HIS LIGHT ON YOU
WATCHDOG'S GONNA GET YOU
GONNA SHINE HIS LIGHT ON YOU

## ACT ONE

### SCENE 5

*Lights rise, a spot on a hallway in the interior of the Chicken Ranch.* ANGEL *is on the phone.*

ANGEL. Hi, Mama! . . . (*Beat.*) I got me a job and I think it's gonna work out real nice . . . Uh-huh . . . It's a sales job. (*Beat.*) I don't know for sure, but I should be getting three days off in about . . . let me see . . . twenty days or somethin'. Can I talk to Little Billy? (*A beat.*) Mama, can we leave the Bible outta this? . . . I'll take him off your hands as soon as I get ahead a little. (*A beat.*) Please. Let me talk to Little Billy now, O.K.? (*Beat.*) Hi, hunny, how you doin'? Is Granny treatin' you good? (*Beat.*) Well, naw, hunny, I can't git there for Thanksgivin'. But I'll sure be thinkin' about you, tho'. Billy, now, don't go cryin' on me. You just gotta remember that cowboys don't cry! Have you made out your letter to Santa Claus yet? (*Beat.*) No! Well, you make it out and you get Granny to mail it to the North Pole, ya hear? 'Cause, Billy, I got a feelin' ol' Santa's gonna bring you a whole gunny sack full of play-pretties this year.

(*Beat.* MISS MONA *appears at the edge of the lighted area.* ANGEL *notices her presence.*)

ANGEL. (*Continued.*) Okay, hunny. I got to ring off now. Mommy loves you. 'Bye, 'bye.

(ANGEL *is near tears as* SHE *hangs up.* MISS MONA *comes to her now.*)

MISS MONA. We'll see if we can't work it so you get the curse around Christmas Eve, all right?

## ACT ONE

### SCENE 6

*Lights come up on Parlor.* DAWN, *wearing an outrageous outfit, enters followed by* BEATRICE.

DAWN. I just hope them Aggies don't win that ol' football game.

BEATRICE. How come?

DAWN. Aw, they're always sayin' howdy and goin' Yee Haw. It just sounds so country.

BEATRICE. Not near as country as you look in that Frederick's of Hollywood outfit.

(SHY *has entered,* CENTER, *wearing a 1950's ballgown and* GINGER *is fitting it for her.*

LINDA LOU *rolls on in* MISS MONA*'s wheelchair.*)

LINDA LOU. (*Teasing.*) Hey, Shy, how was that ol' boy last night?

SHY. Aw, he was all right.

(*The* OTHER GIRLS *join in the teasing.*)

DAWN. Yeah, what kind of date did he want?

BEATRICE. He looked to me like the eight dollar Tuesday night special type.



(*The* GIRLS *all laugh.*)

SHY. Naw, naw—He gave me fifteen dollars.

BEATRICE. Fifteen, huh?

LINDA LOU. Well, hello Mrs. Rockefeller!

(GIRLS *all laugh.* SHY *isn't sure how to take it.*)

GINGER. Ya'll just stop pickin' on her. I know how she feels. I still tell my Mama that I work in the Five and Dime.

LINDA LOU. Well, Hunny, you ain't lyin'.

(MONA *enters with* ANGEL)

MONA. All right now, Girls, you better get your behinds to work 'cause Jewel ain't gonna be here to help you all out.

LINDA LOU. I ain't movin'. The only rest I get around here is when I faint!

GIRLS. Awwww!

ANGEL. What's all the decorations for?

MISS MONA. The football players.

GINGER. Miss Mona, do we have to wear them ball gowns again?

MISS MONA. Yes you do and I don't want to hear any bitchin' about it this year either. Now you see hunny I try to create a homecoming dance kinda atmosphere.

ANGEL. It's gonna take me 20 minutes just to get in and out of the thing.

MISS MONA. Not these. Show her, Ginger.

(GINGER *grasps* SHY*'s dress and tears it off with one swift jerk.*)

GINGER. Velcro!

(JEWEL *enters.*)

BEATRICE. Wow! Look at you!

LINDA LOU. Hey, Jewel, what're you sellin' today.

JEWEL. Hunny, I'm goin' to town with my man, and what I been watchin' you girls sell all week? Well, your Mama's gonna give it away tonight. And I'm gonna have one hell of a time doin' it, too. 'Cause when you only got twenty four hours off, you